



# The Diary



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## Chapter 1 by Yuliya Sabalevich

"5 Bridge Avenue, 2nd floor"

Such was the first line written in the Diary given to Lily as a gift by her mother.

Lily was five when she received the Diary. Then she thought that it was the worst gift possible. She dreamt of a Barbie those days.

"Keep this Diary and treat it with care," said Lily's mother. "It's not a mere Diary. It's a real treasure. It's empty now but one day it will change your life."

Senseless words for a 5-year old girl. And a senseless gift.

However, now this Diary was the only thing reminding Lily of her mother.

## Chapter 2 by Mike E.



Three years had passed since her mother disappeared. Lily had come home from school to find the front door ajar, the house empty. Her spirit broken, she did not remember the mysterious gift until she was cleaning out her room, getting ready to move to university. And now here it was, confronting her with the inexplicable parts of her past. She flipped through the pages, "5 Bridge Avenue, 2nd floor" written in her mother's elegant soft script was all that the Diary contained. Pulling out her phone, she googled, 5 Bridge avenue, chiding herself for forgetting her mother's gift from so long ago. The results showed up negative, there was no building 5, there was no Bridge Avenue, only a Bridge street in the suburbs. Surely her mother hadn't

made a mistake when writing down this cryptic passage

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It was time to go the city side

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Chapter 3 by Intelligent



"Searches are on our intraweb now, miss," said the elderly man at the city archive desk. "Have a look at the terminal over yonder so see what you can find." He pointed to a small computer screen and keyboard at the end of one row of moving shelves.

Lily typed "5 Bridge Avenue, 2nd floor" into the terminal and waited for the results to spill out on the screen. There were a few misleading matches, but halfway down the page, one result caught her eye.

"5 Bridge Avenue. Ladies Wear and Chocolatier." The article corresponding was about a business downtown that had closed about ten years earlier. When she saw her mother's name listed as a co-owner, she knew she had found whatever her mother wanted her to find. At least a start on it. But why hadn't these results shown up in a Google search?

She hit the <PRINT> option and waited for the copy machine beside the terminal to warm up.

"Excuse me."

A voice behind started Lily.

"You're Bridgette Fox's daughter aren't you?" The voice came from a tall man, handsome and lean. He looked to be about 50 and wore a neatly-pressed suit. "I recognized you the moment you came in. You probably wouldn't remember me, but I was a friend of your parents when they first married and lived downtown. the last I saw you was years ago at a function your mother held for her shop." He motioned to the printout spilling into the tray beside me. "I see you have an interest in it. Apologies if I startled you. I couldn't help but say hello. My name is Thomas Gardner."

Lily hesitated. "You knew my parents?"

"Yes. We actually worked together in business for a time."

"Why did her shop close?"

Mr. Gardner cleared his throat. "I saw the shop close down. I was a friend of the owners at the shop. Police investigated and decided that certain health and safety standards hadn't been met. I'm sure you can read more about it in the paper."

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"What happened to the shop?"

"As far as I know, the shop was never renovated. The building owner simply left it as is... boarded up and empty for the most part."

"Thank you, Mr. Gardner. I think I should be going now."

"Lily. How should I put this... I know your mother was a rather eccentric woman. I'm sorry for her disappearance. I haven't spoken to your father in years. But we were once close. If things are unresolved for you, I would talk with him. But please. Don't go digging around 5 Bridge Avenue. there's nothing good to come of it."

Lily searched his face for motives... was he threatening, worried, knowing more than he let on? She couldn't be sure.

"Thank you, Mr. Gardner. I'll do that."

And she was gone.

#### Chapter 4 by Mihir Thakrar



Lily's father had away left home when she was just three. She only had her mother, and when she went missing. She felt liked she'd lost everything, everyone. Lily was an only child who now lived with her Aunt. She didn't enjoy it. She didn't think her Aunt ever liked her either. Lily had to sleep with her younger 5-year old cousin, with her elder cousin sleeping in a room next to them by herself. But with every passing day, she felt further and further away from her mother with every passing day. She didn't really think about her father any more, or tried not to, but when she did she wanted him back desperately. He left when him and her mother had a huge argument. However with every day, she thought about him more, and wanted him back more....

#### Chapter 5 by intellikat



(OK... I'll just copy and paste my submission for chapter 4 here, since the story hasn't progressed)

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Her flashlight beam cut through the overturned counters, tables, and racks of the abandoned department store and a thrill of excitement laced with fear shot through her body instantly. The floor was coated in grit, dirt, broken glass, and all manner of rubbish, and it took some careful steps to angle her way across the room. She was looking for the stairwell.

The second floor double doors opened with a groan, the old crashbar somewhat bent and a stack of moulding cardboard boxes blocking entry. Lily turned herself sideways and slipped through to the other side. The second floor.

"5 Bridge Avenue, 2nd floor."

She clutched the tiny diary and mouthed the words in the silence of the building.

Radiating outward from the centre of the large room were concentric rings of low counters, their glass tops long since smashed and emptied, or perhaps emptied and later smashed. Cafe tables and wrought iron chairs were tumbled about the outer areas, and Lily imagined this then to have been the chocolate shop her mother had run in connection with the ladies wear below. She turned her flashlight toward the centre of the room, and it was there that the gleaming body stood motionless in the dark. A massive, steel creation bursting with pipes and conduits like a metallic bodybuilder; veins protruding, sinews taught. It was a remarkable sight to behold, this contraption, and Lily did not know then what she had stumbled upon.

## Chapter 6 by samantha



"What the hell?" would have been the words Lilly had used, if she had been able to form any. She ran her fingers over the steel creation, feeling it's parts. The feeling of the cool steel against her skin just felt right. In a moment of utter thoughtlessness , Lilly put both hands on the contraption dropping the journal into a small puddle of water.

"oh great" Lily whispered to herself as she bent down to grab the leather bound menace. As her fingers grasped the journal, she felt something under the cover. Something she had previously missed. The journal being dropped into the water had caused three pages to peel away from the

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That is where she found a key. The key was made of gold. But the key was for

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"Thanks mother , aren't you just the helper today" she growled at the air. She studied the key, looked on and on. Her stair was so greatly forced that she almost missed the most plain of clues.

A small picture of a fire and a number all next to a questionably threatening note. "your life is a journal, WITH PAGES NUMBERED"

She thought about this note, it was obviously something about the journal. Then it hit her like a sack of bricks. It was one of the last things her mother taught her. Hidden notes. If you write a note in lemon juice , it will be invisible. When placed , the lemon juice weakens the fiber of the paper causing the part with the message to bur quicker, revealing it.

She flipped to the page number given, and lighted it. What she found did not help, but only increased the confusion.

### Chapter 7 by intellikat



The page read:

Before the Yule of 1913

On the Hill of Hills

When History was made

I will Act on my own

"Lily."

The voice startled her terribly, and she whipped her torch's beam in the direction of the voice. There stood Thomas Gardner, the man she had met only earlier that day. He was dressed just as neatly, but was now holding a torch as well as a satchel over one shoulder.

"I knew you would come here. You are just as incorrigible as your mother, it seems. The best way to ensure you do something is to tell you NOT to do it, is it?"

Lily stood frozen as the man lowered his satchel to the ground and searched for something in it.

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aloft, twinned to her own. There was simply no point in lying at this chapter of the story, and so she lifted her own as well. Torchlight danced off the pair. "Do you know what this is, Lily?" The man directed his light toward the steel contraption looming. She did not. Without saying another word, he moved to the machine and found what appeared a box at about waist-height. Etched into the face of the box were two keyholes. "In a chocolatier's shop serving coffee, it looks the part, does it not? A bit of dressing to the room. But looks may be deceiving. This was known over a thousand years ago as a rifter."

"This wasn't built a thousand years ago. It's made of steel."

"It need not be made of steel, or metal at all, for that matter." His hand ran along a smooth, curving pipe. "The technology, if you will, is ancient. We believe the Greeks in Atlantis as well as the Tibetans and the people of the Dinetah... ancestors of the modern-day Navajo, all had access to devices such as these. Where a culture simply disappears without a record, you may find one. And a rift left behind." He inserted his key into the box. "Please," he motioned to Lily, and she did the same. The man heaved on a large handle and the massive hull of the machine opened smoothly, but not without a deep, metallic groan. From within, lights danced on, and the man motioned for Lily to enter. She did, though not without some trepidation. He closed the door behind them.

Within the belly of the machine was something that looked like a small, rounded sauna, recessed into the floor. Pipes snaked their way along the floor and disappeared into something that looked liquid. Above them, illumination came from dull lights enmeshed in cages, reminiscent of those in battleships.

"Your mother wouldn't tell me where she hid the key, Lily. I knew she would have given it to you. But it seems... you found it here?" He was looking down at the diary in her hand with the first few pages fluttering open to reveal the place within the cover where the key had been hid. "May I?" Lily was no longer trusting of him, and she took a step back within the even confines of the machine. "I assure you, I will have it, one way or another," he said, advancing, and taking it from her firmly, though not roughly. "I see." He said, finding the page with the secret writing. "Your

mother was so clever. I don't know why she hid the key from a man that was your father. I'm sorry for you, but that relationship...

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"What happened to my mother?"

"Lily. No. No, Lily. Don't ever think I would harm your mother. She left on her own. Presumably to fix the mess that your father had left. The three of us were a partnership. But your father was greedy. Two men died on the floor you just stood upon, poisoned. This machine, this device would have remained hidden had he not used it on his own for attempted gain. His foolishness nearly cost us everything."

As the man had been speaking, he was also moving a gloved hand over the strange controls of the room. The recess in the floor that had looked like a sauna now revealed that it was brimming with mist... some kind of murky haze was gently rising from its depths.

"You must have wondered what your mother meant by these words," he said, referring to the page she had ignited. "It tells us where she went. And it tells us why. Your mother has opened a rift to the past in an attempt to undo your father's actions."

"This is a time machine?"

"No. Not exactly. Something more like a universe expander. A rift is opened in the fabric of space-time and allowed a journeyer to enter into the parallel consciousness of themselves elsewhere. That is why we would not be able to tell if your mother has succeeded in this universe. THIS universe continues on its own trajectory. She has attempted to alter the course of time and create a different present in another universe. And I presume she expected you to follow her there. That is what her words mean. That is the final clue hidden in the diary. The Yule of 1913... Christmastime. Capitol Hill, where an historic Act was passed, your mother will take some action to change the course of that history. Do you know what happened in December of 1913? The Federal Reserve Act was passed, "

"What did my father do?"

The man hesitated. "He experimented on the rifts. Sending vagrants and transients to the other side. After altering their minds. He was trying to find a way to link multiple universes together and to control the flow of events through time. He didn't want to make a better world, he simply

wanted to control them all. In this universe, your father managed to set up what is most popularly known as the Illuminati.

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The recess was full of mist  
beneath

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Succession from

"And you expect me to go through this?"

The man frowned. "No. No, of course not. I am going through myself, to find your mother. And to dispose of your father." He drew a pistol from his satchel. "There's no use for you anymore, Lily. Where I am going... where your mother is, is long before you were born. I'm sorry it has to end this way, but I'm sure there are realities elsewhere that end differently. No need to be too sentimental about it. Perhaps you will wake up in another universe, as we all do. Forgetting this one as a dream chased away upon waking. Goodbye, Lily."

Mr. Gardner squeezed the trigger.

### Chapter 8 by Caleb



Lily died.

the end

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